

STATE NORMAL
MAGAZINE
NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. 4.

MAY, 1900.

NO. 3.



CONTENTS ..

| | |
|---|-----|
| I. Frontispiece | 74 |
| II. The Confederate Congress— <i>James G. Ramsay, M. D.</i> | 75 |
| III. Opportunity | 83 |
| IV. Zack Thompson, the Blacksmith— <i>Lucy McGee Glenn</i> | 84 |
| V. Sketches | 88 |
| VI. Careers for Women— <i>Dr. Claribel Cone</i> | 96 |
| VII. Editorials | 112 |
| VIII. Among Ourselves | 114 |
| IX. Alumnæ and Others | 122 |
| X. Marriages | 125 |
| XI. Literary Notes | 126 |
| XII. In Lighter Vein | 127 |

Entered at the Postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

REECE & ELAM, Printers, Greensboro, N. C.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrisis Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/statenormalmagmay1900unse>



J. G. RAMSAY.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

GREENSBORO, N. C., MAY, 1900.

NO. 3

MANAGING EDITOR.

MARY M. PETTY, (Faculty).

CORNELIAN EDITORS.

EMMA BERNARD, '00 Chief.

LILLIE KEATHLEY, '00.

BESSIE M. TAYS, '01.

ADELPHIAN EDITORS.

ELEANOR WATSON, '00, Chief.

MARTHA WISWALL, '00.

DAISY ALLEN, '01.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

DAISY ALLEN, '01.

THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE is published quarterly, from October to June, by a board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor chosen from the Faculty.

All literary contributions may be sent to the Managing Editor.

All business communications of any kind should be addressed to the business Manager.

Terms—50 cents a year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

JAMES G. RAMSAY, M. D.

The Confederate Congress was known as the Provisional and the Permanent. The first Provisional Congress met in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, at the instance of the legislature of Mississippi. It was composed of delegates chosen by conventions of the five gulf states, with Georgia and South Carolina. These met as one body and voted by states, each state having one vote. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was elected President, and Johnson J. Hooper, of Alabama, Secretary. A provisional constitution was adopted. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was chosen President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-

President of the Confederacy, and were duly inaugurated on the 18th day of February.

The Texas ordinance of secession was submitted on the 15th, but the delegates from that state did not take their seats until the 2nd of March. North Carolina had not then seceded, but David L. Swain, M. W. Ransom and John L. Bridgers, having been appointed commissioners by the Legislature, were admitted to seats as such, by the congress, on the second day of its session.

This congress held five sessions—two in Montgomery, and three in Richmond, and adjourned *sine die*, on the 17th of February, 1862.

In the meantime Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee having seceded, and delegates from these states, and Kentucky and Missouri having been admitted, with a delegate from the Territory of Arizona (although Kentucky and Missouri had not seceded), the whole number of members at the close was about one hundred and fifteen. It was an able body, especially during its first session, when nearly one half of its members were ex-members of the United States Congress.

The delegates from North Carolina were first admitted July 20th, 1861, at Richmond. They consisted of the following very able and experienced gentlemen, viz: George W. Davis, W. W. Avery, W. N. H. Smith, Thomas D. McDowell, A. W. Venable, John M. Morehead, R. C. Puryear, A. T. Davidson, Burton Craige and Thomas Ruffin.

PERMANENT CONGRESS.

The first permanent congress convened in Richmond on the 18th day of February, 1862, and consisted of two Senators from each of the thirteen states represented, and one hundred and six Representatives, and four delegates from the Territories. George Davis and William T. Dortch were the Senators from North Carolina, and the Representatives were Robert R. Bridgers, Owen R. Keenan, Thomas D. McDowell, Thomas S. Ashe, J. R. McLean, William Lander, Burges S. Gaither, A. T. Davidson, W. N. H. Smith, and Archibald H. Arrington.

This Congress held four sessions in Richmond in two years, and enacted most of the laws of the Confederacy. It was accused—I will not say justly—of too much subserviency to the Executive, and for nearly all of the enactments considered oppressive, by the people. It expired, by limitation, on the 18th of February, 1864.

The second and last Permanent Congress convened in Richmond on the 2nd of

May, 1864. The changes in this, compared with the preceding congress, were remarkable and significant. The new Senators were Richard W. Walker, from Alabama; Augustus H. Garland, Arkansas; John W. C. Watson, Mississippi, and W. A. Graham, from North Carolina. The changes in the House were so numerous as, almost, to amount to a new congress. Georgia led in this change, returning nine new, out of its ten members. North Carolina came next with seven out of ten. Texas four out of six, etc. It was remarkable that but few changes were made in the delegations from Kentucky and Missouri. The seven new Representatives from North Carolina were James T. Leach, Josiah Turner, Jr., John A. Gilmer, James M. Leach, George W. Logan, James G. Ramsay, and Thomas C. Fuller. Of these, Gilmer and J. M. Leach had been members of the United States Congress; the others had some legislative experience, with the exception, I believe, of Messrs. Logan and Fuller.

R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was elected President pro tem. of the Senate, and Thomas S. Bocock, also of Virginia, was again elected Speaker of the House, having occupied that position in the preceding congress. The outlook of the Confederacy, at this time, was gloomy and discouraging. Furious and unrelenting war had raged for more than three years. Lincoln had called out eight hundred thousand men, at a cost of nearly three thousand million dollars, and was preparing to call for as many more men, at even a greater outlay of money. The Mississippiⁱ river was in his possession from mouth to source—thus cutting the Confederacy in twain. The whole Atlantic and Gulf coast, with the exception of the ports of Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, which were closely blockaded, were in the possession of the enemy. Albert Sydney Johnston and “Stonewall” Jackson had fallen—the one in the hour of defeat, the other in the hour of victory, while hundreds of other leaders, the pride and hope of the country, with thousands of the rank and file of the army, had fallen on bloody fields of strife. The gallant Lee had retired from Maryland and Pennsylvania after the terrible conflicts of Antietam and Gettysburg. Grant with more than a hundred thousand veterans was entering the Wilderness, to be held at bay by Lee with less than half that number; and Sherman with an army nearly equal to Grant’s was bearing down upon Johnston, who stood at Dalton with fifty-five thousand to dispute his “march to the sea.”

But let us return to the action of Congress. The three subjects which mainly attracted the attention of that body were, the support and recruiting of the army;

the suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, and negotiations for peace. The President, backed by a majority in Congress, sought to allay rising discontent, and avert impending evils by adding to the exactions of existing laws, heavier impositions, and more rigorous executions. But tythe and impressment laws could not be duplicated and enforced upon an exhausted people, who demanded their repeal rather than enforcement. Neither could recruits for the army be obtained, for nearly the whole of the white male population, from seventeen to sixty years of age, was already subject to call under existing laws.

The alternative, in the opinion of many was subjugation or the arming of the slaves. The delegation from North Carolina was opposed to the latter, without being in favor of the former. On the 27th of January, 1865, the House having under consideration the Senate bill for the employment of free negroes and slaves on fortifications and in hospitals, Mr. Ramsay moved as a proviso "that said slaves shall not be armed or used as soldiers." Mr. Miles supported the proviso, but in the midst of his speech the House went into secret session. On the 29th the proviso was voted down and the bill passed. Mr. Barksdale's bill for the employment of negro troops passed the House on the 10th of February, but was rejected in the Senate by a tie vote—Wigfall and Maxwell expressing unqualified opposition, Graham, Orr and Hunter speaking against it, but the latter gentleman voting for it, under instructions from the legislature of his state. On the 9th of March the House agreed to an amendment by the Senate to a bill arming the slaves, by a vote of 40 to 26, and the bill became a law.

HABEAS CORPUS.

In November, 1864, the President sent a message to congress, in secret session, urging the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, alleging the existence of a *secret treasonable conspiracy*, originated by the enemy, called Heroes of America, as prevalent in southwestern Virginia, part of east Tennessee, and the bordering counties of North Carolina, and as having, even, penetrating into the army. The message was referred to the judiciary committee, which reported the indential bill passed on the preceding 15th of February, but which had expired in August, and recommended its re-enactment. Russell and Rieves of Virginia and others spoke ably in advocacy, while Baldwin, Miles, and others spoke against it with equal power. The whole delegation from North Carolina opposed its passage. As a por-

tion of the latter state was implicated, Mr. Ramsay felt called upon to say, that so far as the Heroes of America were concerned there was neither secrecy nor danger. Every thing connected with the order had been revealed and published in his state months ago, *and while the writ was suspended*. The President had made no arrests then, although called upon to do so. Why did he wish to be clothed with the power now? "This looks so inconsistent," said he, "as to justify a suspicion that the existence of this order is made a pretext for the acquisition of power to be used for other purposes."

The bill passed the House by a vote of 37 to 32, but was killed in the Senate by a vote of 8 to 6. On the 13th of March the President sent a second message urging the suspension of the writ, but Congress and the President had divergent views on this subject, and the former failed to carry out the views of the latter on this important subject.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE.

Many members of this Congress, especially the new members, had found it necessary to promise their constituents to make efforts to obtain negotiations for peace. And anxious eyes were turned toward Congress, in the hope that relief might be obtained from the burdens of war, otherwise than through fields of strife and blood. Repeated peace propositions had been made in the Federal Congress. These had uniformly failed, but had been sustained by a respectable minority. On the 14th of December, '63, Fernando Wood introduced a resolution in the House, requesting Mr. Lincoln to appoint commissioners to treat with the authorities at Richmond to restore this Union "upon terms of equity, fraternity and equality, under the Constitution." Fifty-nine, out of one hundred and fifty-seven, votes were cast in favor of this proposition. Sixteen days after this, Governor Vance wrote to Mr. Davis that the recent action of the Federal House, though meaning but little, had greatly excited the public hope that the Northern mind was looking towards peace—that it seemed to him that "we might with propriety constantly tender negotiations."

The reply of the President was:

"This struggle must continue until the enemy is beaten out of his vain confidence of our subjugation."

I cannot stop here to enumerate all the sources of discontent among the people, nor the grounds of hope of those who looked for peace. I can only allude to the fact of the representation in Congress from Kentucky, Missouri and parts of

Virginia, Louisiana and Tennessee, by those who had no constituency that could be reached by Confederate legislation—those states and parts of states, either never having left the Union, or having returned after having left; and to the additional fact that there was a growing distrust, as we shall see as we proceed, of the President himself and his Cabinet in certain quarters. Suffice it to say just here, that the attitude of the President, backed as he was by a majority in the Senate and two-thirds in the House, effectually paralyzed all efforts at negotiations for peace, except upon the unattainable basis of the complete independence of the Confederacy. Thus it was that when Mr. J. T. Leach at one time and Mr. Turner at another, in compliance with promises made to their constituents, introduced resolutions looking towards peace, the House immediately went into secret session, from which the resolutions never emerged. And thus it was throughout.

In his message November 7, '64, the President took a hopeful and sanguine view of the situation. "Atlanta," said he, "had fallen, but would be of no ultimate advantage to the enemy, and had we been compelled to evacuate Richmond the Confederacy would remain as defiant as ever. No military success of the enemy can accomplish the destruction of the Confederacy."

But the military situation grew more alarming and critical, and the determination of the people for negotiations for a secession of hostilities and for peace, in some form or other, grew stronger instead of weaker. The President and his Cabinet became the objects of attack. Mr. Seddon retired as Secretary of War and General Breckenridge succeeded him. Governor Brown, of Georgia, in a message to the Legislature of that state, asserted that "our government was now a military despotism, drifting into anarchy, and, if the present policy is persisted in, must terminate in reconstruction, with or without subjugation." And, after recommending the taking from the President his power as commander-in-chief, and the calling of a convention to amend the Constitution, he uttered these thrilling words, "The night is dark, the tempest howls, the ship is lashed with turbulent waves, the helmsman is steering to the whirlpool, our remonstrances are unheeded, and we must restrain him, or the crew must sink together, buried in irretrievable ruin."

But, before this philippic had been delivered, Congress had passed the act creating the office of commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Confederacy, and General Lee had been appointed to that exalted position.

It is due to the President to state that he had made to two or more unavailing

efforts at negotiations—just how far he authorized the Niagara conference in July '64, and the visit of the Blairs to Richmond in January, '65, I fail to know; but on the 28th of the latter month he authorized Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell to hold a peace conference in Hampton Roads with Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Seward. The conference failed of peaceful results, because our commissioners were not authorized to make peace on any other terms than the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

Now came the last grand effort to "fire the Southern heart" anew. On the 9th of February an immense mass meeting was held in the African church in Richmond, presided over by Mr. Hunter. Speeches were made by the President, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Gilmer and others, which were enthusiastically applauded, and resolutions were passed mutually pledging life, fortune and sacred honor to maintain liberty and independence. This was followed by many similar meetings throughout the country. But they were the flickerings, only, of the expiring lamp.

And, now, many brave and true men seeing that the resources of the Confederacy were exhausted and that the united action of the states had failed to secure a cessation of hostilities, began seriously to contemplate and propose separate state action. But to this—the very cornerstone of the Confederacy—the President was as resolutely opposed, as he was to compromise of any kind, because it involved reconstruction.

And here, at the risk of being prolix, I wish to show the position of Governor Graham, as well as that of the President, on this vital subject. Senator Oldham, of Texas, in an article in *De Bow's Review* for October, 1869, speaks as follows:

"A few days after the Hampton Roads' conference a committee, consisting of Messrs. Orr, Graham and Johnston, was appointed, by the Senate, to confer with the President and ascertain what he proposed to do under the existing condition of affairs. In a few days they made a verbal report, through Mr. Graham. Among other things they stated that they had inquired of the President his views and opinions with regard to proposing to the United States to negotiate for peace upon the basis of the Confederacy returning to the Union, and that the President had answered 'that he had no power to negotiate a treaty upon such a basis; * * * that the states alone, each acting for itself, in its sovereign capacity, could make such a treaty.'

"Mr. Graham said he gave notice that in a few days he would introduce a res-

olution in favor of opening negotiations with the United States upon the basis of a return to the Union by the states of the Confederacy. * * * The notice was received *in such a manner* that he never offered his resolution."

On the 13th of March—just five days before Congress adjourned—the President sent in a message, stating that the enemy was jubilant, our people greatly discouraged and Richmond in greater danger than at any time before during the war; that the people were looking to Congress for relief, but that the measures passed for recruiting the army were inadequate. And he recommended more vigorous impressments for supplies, the abolition of all exemptions from military duty, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* and the impressment of all the gold and silver coin of the country if it could not be borrowed.

To this message Congress replied, through a committee, that all the measures recommended by the President to promote the efficiency of the army have been adopted, except the entire repeal of class exemptions and some measures suggested by him, such as the creation of the office of general-in-chief, were originated and passed by Congress with a view to the restoration of public confidence by the energetic administration of military affairs. * * * Congress does not concur in the opinion of the President that the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* is indispensable to the successful conduct of the war.

On the 18th of March, 1865, Congress met for the last time. Its sessions were in secret. A bill amending the impressment laws was passed; also a bill authorizing the impressment of three million dollars in coin, if it could not be borrowed; and in case of a future loan, the levying of a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all the gold and silver coin, bullion and foreign exchange, in the Confederacy, pledging the cotton and tobacco of the government for payment.

Mr. Watson, on behalf of the joint committee appointed to wait on the President and inform him of the readiness of Congress to adjourn, reported that the committee had discharged that duty and that the President had stated that he had no further communication to make; that in his recent message he had fully explained his views as to the legislation needed by the country; * * * but to the full extent of his power and the resources placed at his disposal all might feel assured of his purpose, faithfully to protect and defend the country.

Congress then adjourned to meet in the following October. But it was to meet no more. In sixteen days Richmond was evacuated—the Confederate stores and

warehouses were set on fire, against the protest of the citizens, by our retreating forces; the legislature of Virginia was on its way to another seat for its deliberations, and the President, with a portion of his Cabinet and all the coin of the government, was hastening toward the savannas of the South. Seven days more and Lee had laid down his sword at Appomattox and the end had come, not alone of Congress, but of the Confederacy.

The bravest now saw what the wisest had long foreseen—an end of strife and bloodshed, for which the friends of peace had longed and prayed.

SALISBURY, N. C., March 22, 1900.

OPPORTUNITY.

The key of yesterday
I threw away
And now too late
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

ZACK THOMPSON, THE BLACKSMITH.

LUCY MCGEE GLENN.

The dingy little blacksmith shop stands at the foot of the hill behind the village graveyard, its only avenue of approach being the narrow road that winds down the hill to the left of the old rock wall over which the tall tombstones stare through the long days and nights. A little distance from the shop may be seen the home of the blacksmith. Here the usual order of things seems to be reversed. The vegetable garden instead of being in the rear is just in front of the house. In fact, the corn patch extends to the very doorstep, while the pumpkin vines that twine about the cornstalks climb up over the porch and facing of the door and hang a big yellow pumpkin on the door knob. The house can scarcely be seen from the front, it is such an insignificant thing compared with the corn and the pumpkins. In the back yard smutty pots and kettles, dingy feather beds and pillows, with various other household furnishings, are displayed as if for sale. The shop is smutty and dingy—all blacksmith shops are; but the home, if such it may be called, is smuttier and dingier and infinitely more dreary.

On a gusty November night, when the wind moans in the trees like lost souls, and grewsome shadows from the forge fire flit around the entrance of the shop, the smith delights to tell ghost tales to the little boys who steal away from their mammas after tea. He is a tall, broad-shouldered half-breed, or “yaller nigger,” with clean-cut features and keen black eyes; on the whole, somewhat like an Indian. To-night he has only one little boy to listen to his tales, and while he talks he sharpens the little boy’s knife. He finishes the knife with the story and the two gaze at the fire.

“Well, Uncle Zack,” says the little boy, “if you’d go to sleep like other folks I don’t believe the hanks would pester you. Mamma says the’ aint no such things, anyhow.”

“Lord, chile, you ain’t got no sense in yo’ head. Sposin’ you had the heart disease, what guv yer the pulsions every time yer laid down, then, howd’d yer keep from seein’ de hants?”

“Now, Uncle Zack, you know you haven’t got the heart disease,” says the little boy.

"'Fore God I hev. Yer ask ole Marse Thompson 'bout de time Wheeler's cavalry come th'ough here; he kin tell you," responds the other somewhat testily.

"Wheeler's cavalry!" cries the little boy; "what's that got to do with your heart disease, Uncle Zack?"

"Why, chile, ain't yer got no sense in yo' head?" says Zack. "Thet's when I ketched it."

"Well, I never knew before that heart disease was ketchin'," says the little boy. "Please tell me how you got it."

"Lor', chile, I thought I done tole yer 'bout it onct. Hit wuz long 'fore yow wuz born; 'way back in de war times. My ole masser wuz a mighty big Confederate, he wuz. An' dat time Wheeler's cavalry come th'ough here; dey camped 'long side o' our place, an' ole masser he thought he wuz 'bliged ter give um eberything on de hill. 'Twuz wuss'n' when de Yankees come; on'y difference, de Yankees jes dey up an' tuk things 'thout askin' nobody no odds; an' de Rebs jes pull de wool over ole masser's eyes 'til he think he's bound ter give um all dey ax fer. One day I wuz settin' fore de kitchen fire scrapin' de pegs out o' par o' boots I jes made me. I finished um, and jes kep' a settin' thar looking at 'em, 'cause 'twasn't ebery nigger thet hed a par like um. Fust thing I knowed a big ole Johnny Reb come slippin' in. He looked et me an' he looked et de boots, an' I seed he wuz settin' fer ter git um 'way fum me. So, sez I, mighty nice and perlite, sez I 'Masser, here's a par o' boots I done made fer you, an' I wants yer ter war um when yer goes ter fight de Yankees.' Den I tuk um like ez if I wuz gwine ter hand um ter him, but I never done it. I sez, s'prised like, 'Lorsy, massy, I ain't scraped de pegs yit.' Yas, yer go in the dinin'-room an' git yer some victuals whiles I do it."

"Why, Uncle Zack," cries the little boy, "I thought you said you scraped the pegs out?"

"O, I wuz jes foolin' him, case I done scraped de pegs out. Wal, no sooner'n thet Reb lef' de room I jumped out de window wid my boots, an' I never stopped 'til I wuz hid in de bottom o' ole masser's stock o' fodder. Terrectly dat Johnny Reb an' a whole lot o' others come out'n de house brandishin' dey swords an' callin' fer dat nigger wh' stole de boots. Well, gentermen, I laid low! Den dey commence er pokin' in de fodder wid dey swodes, an' I made shoo I wuz gwine ter be kilt. An, one o' dem rantankorous Rebs come mighty nigh doin' it. He poked his swode th'ough de fodder 'til it rest jes 'pon top o' my heart. Hit wuz a mighty

skeery time, I kin tell yer; an'—well—er—de confabulation ob de matter wuz, I tuk de heart disease dat time an' I ain't never got over it yit."

"Well, Uncle Zack," says the little boy, "why don't you get a doctor to cure you?"

"Humph! doctor, *nothin'*" retorts the smith in a very disgusted tone. "Yer ain't got no sense 'tall, chile. When yer gits de heart disease yer agoner. Dat's what kilt ole Miss, an' that thar's de reason she don't res' no better in her grave—dat an' old masser's marryin' agin."

"How do you know she don't rest in her grave, Uncle Zack?"

"Know, chile, *know!* Ain't I done *seen* her!"

It is getting too near time to go home for mentioning ghosts again, so the little boy guesses he'd better go, and asks Zack to accompany him beyond the graveyard anyway. Having shut up shop, the little boy and the gigantic blacksmith wend their way up the crooked road past the graveyard and there they separate. The little boy takes to his heels lest he be caught by a big "spook" at his back, while Zack stalks along toward the village.

It is early yet, and Zack has plenty of time to carouse around and drink his fill of good old rye whiskey "ter keep off de hants." He rarely ever spends a night at home; any old doorstep suits him better. Some say it's because he is too drunk to get there, and others say it's because his wife threatens to "bust his head open" if he comes home drunk.

In spite of his faults, Jack is really an excellent blacksmith. His master during slavery times was the owner of a big buggy shop, and thus he learned his trade. He cannot only shoe horses, mend wagon tires and attend to all the coarser jobs of the country blacksmith, but he can also work with iron in many more delicate ways, and has even been known to make razors and knives. He is very proud of the fact and loses no opportunity of telling you about the razor he presented to Grover Cleveland one time. He makes enough money to buy all the whiskey he wants, and to allow him many a holiday for hunting and fishing. Beyond this he has no ambition. Had he been able to let drink alone he would undoubtedly have become a skillful artisan. He can work steadily for only a few weeks, however, and then the old demon of drink arises and drives him whithersoever it will.

As we have seen, he is intensely superstitious, but he differs from the other negroes of the village, in that he cares nothing whatever for their religion. They

have their revivals and spend whole days and nights in shouting and singing, but Zack holds himself aloof.

"Them fool niggers ain't got no sense 'bout religion," he is wont to say.

One time, however, he went to a meeting held for the white people. The man preached for a week, giving vivid pictures of the fire and brimstone. Every night found Zack in the gallery straining to catch every word. At last he went to the preacher's house in the "wee sma' hours," declaring that he was in the abomination of desolation and wanted to flee from the wrath to come. All the good people of the village hoped that Zack would reform—leave off drinking, beating his wife, hitting his children on their heads with stones, and all the other little pastimes he had formerly engaged in. And, so he did—for awhile—but within a month he was worse than ever.

Like all desperate characters, however, he seems to have some kindly traits, for he is the boon companion of every small boy in the village. Some day he will doubtless drink himself to death, and, in spite of his faults, the people of the village will miss him; the older ones because he is a master blacksmith and the younger ones because he is a fine fellow to tell ghost tales.

SKETCHES.
—SOME NEIGHBORS OF OURS.
—I.—MR. SMITH.
—

Our neighbor, Mr. Smith, called to see us a few nights since. I have a great respect for Mr. Smith, but I can't help seeing his peculiarities. Nor do I wonder that the girls laugh at him and refuse his attention.

It is not that he is so ugly. A downright ugly man need not be "half an hour behind the handsomest in Europe," as Mirabeau said; but, then, he must have some of Mirabeau's wit and be so individual in character that his ugliness is forgotten, or only remembered as marking him out more distinctly from the common herd. No, you wouldn't call Mr. Smith ugly; he is rather commonplace, except that his perky nose shows an ambition which 'twere well for its owner to follow.

Mr. Smith always sits in a high chair—perhaps with the vain idea that it increases his dignity—stiff and unbending, not knowing where to bestow his feet and hands. He looks unmistakably awkward. He feels this, I think, for he twists his fingers, locking them first one way and then another, 'til you fear dislocation of the joints.

He is not an illiterate man. On the contrary, he went for two sessions to a very good school and then began the study of Medicine. Why he stopped this I have never heard, but it has given a decided flavor to his conversation. He loves to discourse on the diseases of the country, and especially fever, and tell his attentive audience how to avoid it. However, as he had a severe case himself some years ago, it may be that experience has taught him wisdom, but his young lady friends do not like to be told that their skins are getting sallow and they'd better take calomel and quinine.

One peculiarity in his conversation is that he always puts the emphasis on the last syllable of every word. He will say "in my judgment it is expedient that Miss Ada should carefully observe her symptoms and take medicine from time to time."

Yet, he is devoted to the girls and very anxious to get married. I am afraid he will not succeed, however, for he is too slow and too easily discouraged. Once

he did succeed in getting himself engaged to a young lady rather noted for her flirtations. The time for his marriage was appointed, but, alas! he was then very low with the fever. For two months he was prostrated. I do not know whether his fiancée made any inquiries about his condition, but I *do* know that he never wrote to her or made any effort to see her after his recovery. He said she had too many lovers to wait on him. Was he not a considerate man? I can't help thinking he would make a good husband to a girl who could appreciate his worth in spite of his rough outside. His demands are not very exacting. He described the lady he admired as being "neat and industrious and she doesn't dip snuff". I wish I could give you his inimitable way of pronouncing this sentence; and, indeed, all others. It gives a rare idiomatic flavor to his speeches which pen and ink fail to convey.

I said I respected Mr. Smith. I may say more; if I needed a good friend, steady and reliable, I think he could be the man. The rough black burr of the walnut hides the richest of the nuts, and a forbidding exterior sometimes hides a wealth of love and trust which the best of women value. But I think no woman will ever bring him to the point unless she does most of the courting, and as we know our girls are too modest for that, I fear that he must remain unmarried.

M. W. W.

"OL' MAN MARTIN."

Nature intended "Ol' Man Martin," as he is commonly called, for a genius, a great inventor, but environment has made of him a carpenter and at odd times a gardener. Any time you care to listen the old man will tell you the story of his life, for the one thing that he possesses in abundance is time. He doesn't realize it, however, and though he may not have time to plant potatoes for you, he has time enough to explain to you, and eventually prove to you in a logical manner peculiar to himself, that it is the wrong time of the moon for potato-planting, or the ground is too wet. Money has no temptations for the old fellow, and I doubt if any amount of it would induce him to plant potatoes if the "signs" were wrong.

After he has talked to you for half an hour he will say that he isn't a gardener any way, but a carpenter. "Yes, I've been workin' at the carpenter's trade for nigh onto twenty year—but it mighty hard work, mighty hard. Now there's my boy Jim, I don't never 'low that Jim shall be a carpenter. Too much work an' no

money." He sees you look at Jim, who is a worthy son of his father, and adds, "Jim takes after me; he ain't right stout, so I let him stay around the house an' help me. Ma (that's his mother) sent him over the hill to school last winter, but Jim don't take to these new fangle schools any more'n his pa. Jim's powerfu handy about helpin' me." Here he stops talking to point out some of the fruits of his labor. "Now, I built that house and there ain't a better built house in this whole country. The ol' woman and the gals keep pesterin' me to finish that back room, but I 'lows to them 'tain't no use hurryin' and frettin' about things. The room's done anyway—all but puttin' in the winder sashes and hangin' the door." As you examine the "architecture" of that house, you see written all over it the character of "ol' man Martin". The roof is low and nearly flat, as if it was in no hurry to let the water drip off, but preferred that it take its time. The house consists of three or four rooms that were built at different times, each being the history of a decade of the "carpenter's" life. For, as he told me, "I 'lowed to the ol' woman 'tain't no use of a body killin' hisself, so we'd jest build along as we could. No; I never was no hand to hurry and fret about things."

By this time you begin to wonder why Mr. Martin is too busy to plant your potatoes. "Well, now," he drawls, "I've been a hard workin' man in my time, an' I'm not very strong in my back now, an' I've been a trying to get a way to saw my wood." And when you have had explained to you all the intricacies of this devise he has contrived, you will agree with me that Mr. Martin just missed being a genius. It is a wonderful affair, "works by a pedal, no stoopin' over." No child on his rocking-horse was ever happier than the old fellow as he stands here imagining that he is reducing the labor of wood sawing. But like the boy and his rocking-horse, he never gets far, for each day he thinks of some new improvement.

Like most geniuses, he is a man of one idea and to this one he devotes his life. He is trying to reduce his work to the minimum and then "get out" of the minimum.

The last time I saw him was at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Enthusiasm was running high, but even the most gigantic wave had no power to disturb his equilibrium. He was at work on a contrivance for gathering apples. "You see, when they shake the apples off the trees, they get bruised an' mellered." By means of his "invintion" they were to be cut off and gently dropped into baskets. Be it understood, this "machine" required two men (and doubtless Mr. Mar-

tin's supervision), and no apples in sight. I asked him his opinion of the war. "Jim's been a-tellin' me that a great crowd's goin' down to Raleigh to enlist, but as for *me* I'm no ways brittle to go to war." He smiled leisurely, but as I passed on he said: "You know I never was no hand to hurry and fret."

Surely there is for him a land of rest, a place where he will be beyond the "pesterin' of the ol' woman and the gals."

BESSIE TAYS, '01.

III.—DOWN IN THE PINEY WOODS.

In a crowded city street such a figure would have attracted much attention, but far back in the depths of our "piney woods" she seemed but a last representative of a once well-known class of women, a figure well suited to surroundings so far remote from the bustle of a modern world.

It was in a country churchyard, "third Sunday" I think it was, and as I sat looking with interest at the novel scene, my attention was directed to an odd-looking figure in the crowd—a woman who was approaching us with the evident intention of speaking. I can see her now as she drew near the carriage, a queer little old body, bent and withered, her claw-like fingers tightly grasping a rough stick, which served her as a rude staff. She was clad in a dress of dark brown homespun, spotlessly clean, and wore a huge sunbonnet made of the same material. This article of headgear, which defies my powers of description, was universally worn by the older women in the gathering. It might well have answered the purpose of the Eastern veil; certainly it was equally effectual in concealing the features of the wearer. When quite close she lifted her head, and, giving her sunbonnet a slight backward tilt, gave us a searching glance from the keenest pair of black eyes that I have ever seen. Shining out from a countenance so seared and crossed by the lines of age, they reminded one of the tiny bright eyes of a bird.

What was my surprise when, after apparently taking a mental inventory of us, she suddenly said, "Ain't you ——'s gal?" Hardly had I replied in the affirmative when she continued, "How's Mary 'Liza, an' whar's she livin' these days?" Evidently the old lady was a friend of the family, and, although I was slightly amused, I proceeded to give her an account of the health, whereabouts, etc., of the said "Mary 'Liza". Notwithstanding her apparent interest in this subject, she

interrupted me with the astonishing request, "And do tell me about Betsy Ann and Susan Haywood. I hain't seen them gals sence they was little critters—'bout's high's this," holding her hand about six (?) inches from the ground. I didn't quite understand why she took such an absorbing interest in persons apparently so young when she knew them; but luckily I knew to whom she referred, as the old-fashioned names of some of my relatives had always been a source of amusement for me.

At this point, and while I was attempting to answer her with some degree of coherency, she quietly leaned her stick against the carriage wheel and thrusting her hand into a mysterious fold in her dress, produced a large tin box, which, as I afterwards learned, originally contained baking powder. Another dive into this mysterious pocket brought to light a "stick brush," and I immediately guessed that we were to witness the operation of "dipping snuff." This habit, which has disappeared almost entirely, was once prevalent among the women of this region. Sure enough, as she leisurely removed the lid from the box we recognized the brown contents within as the snuff once so commonly used.

Naturally, my discourse was by this time becoming a trifle disconnected, so interested was I in the old woman's movements. I came to a rather sudden pause, after declining a proffered "dip." Having meditatively stirred the snuff about with her brush, she carefully lifted a little heap of it to her mouth and with the brush safely adjusted between her lips, calmly continued her interrogations. "And how's John Washington an' Clarissy Ca'line? Them two young uns ain't married, shore'ly!"

Fearing from the expression of my face that the conversation might end somewhat disastrously to the dear old lady's good opinion of us, I deemed it best to postpone the remainder of my family history till another day and so quickly changed the subject.

When we said goodbye she invited us to "come and spend the day" with her; but, much to my regret, I was unable to enjoy what I feel was a rare opportunity for observing the characteristics of a class of people which, in a few years, will be utterly obliterated. After thanking her for the kind invitation, we drove off feeling that it had been our good fortune to hold a conversation, of at least a few moments, with one of the personages most sought after by the literary people of the day—a character.

L. V. K., '00.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

Translated from the German by MYRTLE LILIAN HUNT, '00.

One beautiful spring morning, just as the first rays of the sun penetrated the forest gloom, a maiden stepped from the door of her humble home and passed swiftly down the lonely path.

It was well that she walked quickly, for a long journey lay before her, and she promised to be home before nightfall. But her haste was not so great that she could not rejoice over the beauty of the gay wild flowers round about her and often in childish glee she joined in the song of the little birds, as they flitted from tree to tree. For some time she was quite happy; but suddenly a shadow crossed her face, and she murmured, "How much more pleasant I would find this if there was only some variety." Looking longingly around she spied a handsome boy with a hand-organ, standing among the trees. "You come as if called," she cried. "Play me a tune, for I love to dance." Quickly the boy made ready and played a merry tune, while the little girl danced to her heart's content, there in the forest. A squirrel that looked down from an old tree heard the music and began dancing in his own way, head over heels among the leafy boughs. But at last this pleasure came to an end, for all three were tired, and the little girl said, "That is enough; I have far yet to go. Many, many thanks. You understand your art well, for whoever hears you must dance, whether he wishes it or not. One more kindness, tell me who you are."

"O," rejoined the boy, "I am in this world for the sole purpose of making people happy. I am Pleasure, and I go over the whole world with my hand-organ. But I play the flute, drum, violin and many other instruments. Public taste is so varied and some people prefer the noise of the drum to the tender notes of the flute."

"Then, you must be a welcome guest?" replied the girl, "and everyone must wish for you."

"Indeed," he answered, "all wish to have me, but I go only where I am pleased. For example, I do not like to attend the great coffee parties, although they have good cakes there, and invite me daily. They chatter and chatter until my music cannot be heard, and after all their conversation is worthless. I usually prefer playing in the forests, and if I go among people it is when I am least expected."

So saying he took leave of her and each went their way.

Soon after the little girl met a woman diligently gathering wood and berries. "Child," she said, "look what beautiful berries grow here. You should pick some." "Dear me," answered the little girl, "that would be too much trouble, for I am neither hungry or thirsty." "But you will be," said the woman, "for higher up you will find no berries, and your journey is long." So saying she handed the child a basket, into which the little one put the fruit slowly, and unwillingly, for she had to bend numberless times before the basket was full. At last the old woman took her to a shady spot, where they seated themselves and both enjoyed eating the beautiful red berries. "It is well for you to learn to know me, child," said the woman as she rose to leave. "I am Work. Many people act as you did at first; they wish me to go out of their way, and they sigh over me, but all who have learned to know me, love me. Most people like me without knowing it and become sick of ennui without me, and certainly much that is silly and wicked happens whenever I am avoided." The girl reached out her hand to Work—it was a right hard, rough hand—and said softly, "Thank you for calling me, I will never be afraid of you again;" then she contentedly went her way.

When the sun yet stood high in the heavens she met a bent old woman at the cross roads. Several heavy baskets were standing around her and she said "Dear child, can you not carry one of these baskets for me?" Without rejoinder the girl bent and picked a basket from the ground, but put it down immediately. "It is much too heavy for me," she said, "I cannot carry it." "Oh," said the old woman, "then you will certainly feel ashamed before me, for I am old, yet I carry treble. This dear youth of ours prides itself on its strength, but loses courage with every burden, even those which are light. Take example from an old woman!" So saying she picked up her baskets and bundles with difficulty and went on. Filled with shame the girl also picked up her basket and followed the stranger, but it was wearying. "Let us rest just a little," she begged at last, "only look, this load bears me to the ground." "You do not understand how to carry it," was the answer. "You must raise it higher and not let yourself be drawn down. Put it on your head." This appeared an impossibility to the girl, but she obeyed, and found it less trouble than she thought. She held herself erect, and soon stepped more securely, walking as proudly as a queen.

"I do not really care to dance and seek for flowers now," she thought, "and since I must work so hard it is well that I refreshed myself with the berries. But this

does not matter I may judge how much power I have." Now that she was forced to carry her head erect she raised her glance from the earth, and saw new beauty, for the heavens glistened in the bright colors of the evening lights. By and by the sun sank, and the stars shone brightly, while the moon shot silvered glances through the trees.

Soon the girl reached home, and at the doorway she turned to hand the woman the basket, at the same time asking her name. "People do not like to hear my name," the one replied, "for I make life a burden for them, and have a packet for each. I am Sorrow. But, whoever has courage and power bears his burden with ease and learns much by it. People busied with their pleasures, and work see so much that is about them, forward, backward, downward, but never upward. Then I place on them a burden like this. If they courageously lift it on high they must look up to the stars, and can find their way through the darkest forests, arriving happily at their goal, at last." With a loving word of farewell the girl stepped merrily into her father's house, but Sorrow journeyed on with her bundles and baskets, in order to offer herself as companion to some other traveller.

If I may, I should like to emphasize a few thoughts to be found in this little story of truth.

Truth is generally sought for in some labyrinth of high-sounding words. The greater and deeper the truth the more it must be enveloped in words and phrases suggestive of the free use of "Webster's Unabridged," so we think. Yet, after all, are not the greatest truths expressed in the simplest way! The preceding allegory is simple enough for a child to enjoy, but is it not true to life? In the very beginning we are told that the girl "sighed for variety." Isn't that characteristic of most of us? The pleasure remains unchanged, yet we do not enjoy it merely because we long for something new. Then, too, most frequently Pleasure comes when least expected; but how many of us in a merry search for Pleasure make our lives a burden, and really chase Pleasure away by our over-anxiety.

Again, most of us moan at the very idea of Work; yet, what a hollow mockery is life without this companion of Pleasure? And when we find we cannot escape the "packet Sorrow has for each of us," do we not all plead for lighter burdens? The weak sink beneath her load with the pitiful cry, "Let us rest just a little while." But the strong are made stronger; consequently they look upward, receiving inspiration and Divine help, which makes their burden seem light. Delight in the frivolous leaves them, and they "step securely," having good cause to "walk proudly," and so walking they murmur;

"O Sorrow, will thou live with,
My bosom friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be."

CAREERS FOR WOMEN.

By DR. CLARIBEL CONE,

President and Professor of Pathology in the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore.

When your President, Dr. McIver, kindly asked me to speak to you, and suggested the subject, "Careers for Women", it seemed a most fitting theme to be asked to discuss before a body of young women about to enter upon their lifework.

Not many decades ago such a subject would have been received with doubt and wonder; for, while the woman question has been one of serious interest from the earliest times, it is only within recent years that the problem has become of vital importance.

In the symposium of opinions variously expressed upon the subject, we find the belief of Plato that "the gifts of Nature are equally diffused in both sexes, and all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also"; and that of Martin Luther, who regarded the only proper vocation for women to be that of marriage and maternity. And, between these two extremes there is every possible variety of opinion.

And why, we ask, is the woman problem of so much more importance to-day than it was to our mothers, and our grandmothers? Why, indeed, is the question of such general interest to-day.

The answer is to be found, I think, in the growing complexity of social conditions. The wheels of progress grind out changes which involve alike the work of man and woman. Much of the work which was formerly done by woman alone, in these days is relegated to man or machine. And now that she need no longer spin and weave and toil in the fields and do various kinds of domestic service, the question comes, "What is her work"?

This question has been so thoroughly discussed in the recent literature that it seems impossible to attempt a novel view of the situation. And conversations with various women who are following careers have given almost uniform results. I shall, therefore, try to present the subject in the light of the data gathered from these personal discussions and from the current literature.

The first thing which strikes one on taking a survey of the literature is the unquestioned ability of both men and women who have given the problem thought.

The next is surprise that a subject so well discussed, and by individuals so able, should be no nearer solution than the woman question is at the present day.

Perhaps one great reason for this difficulty is the attitude assumed by some of the cleverest women themselves. They are skeptical and pessimistic on the one hand, or unyielding and radical on the other. They need a broader perspective to give them breadth of view.

Thus, for instance, we find Mrs. G. G. Buckler,¹ in a clever paper published in the *North American Review*, claiming that "Woman has never produced, and is not likely to produce, anything first-rate in the higher branches of literature, science and art."

However true this may be from its historic side, and whatever its value as a prophecy, it is interesting to note that the latter half of the statement is combatted by a man. In his reply to Mrs. Buckler, Fabian Franklin² shows that "The facts of history are not only not conclusive, but cannot properly be regarded as establishing even a presumption concerning the limitation of the intellectual powers of woman." He further observes that "Whether or not any woman can be as great as the greatest men, it is quite certain that some women can be as great as very great men, for some women have been."

This last sentence has the true ring and is more stimulating than the negative position assumed by Mrs. Buckler. With the cry of "never" in our ears, how can we proceed? Whatever we may think of our own capabilities, let our ideals at least be unattainable.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson may be cited as belonging to the more radical exponents of woman's cause. They plead for the economic independence of woman—an independence which shall be absolute. And this, they claim, will be advantageous to the individual and the race, to wifehood, motherhood and citizenship.

Still another obstacle to the solution of the woman question is the attitude assumed by the majority of men. This attitude is not generally one of antagonism; it is rather that of indolent indifference. Men have their own important problems to work out, and finding themselves thus sufficiently occupied, they fall into an easy

acceptance of every other social condition as they find it, including the traditional lot of woman.

Here some words of John Stuart Mill³ are eminently in point. Writing in 1869, he says: "All women are brought up from the earliest years in the belief that their ideal of character is the very opposite to that of men; not self-will, and government by self-control, but submission, and yielding to the control of others. All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the current sentimentalities, that it is their nature to live for others; to make complete abnegation of themselves, and to have no life but in their affections." And again (p. 244), "What is now called the nature of woman is an eminently artificial thing—the result of forced repression in some directions, unnatural stimulation in others. * * * In the case of women a hothouse and stove cultivation has always been carried on of some of the capabilities of their nature for the benefit and pleasure of their masters. Then, because certain products of the general vital force sprout luxuriantly and reach a great development in this heated atmosphere and under this active nurturing and watering, while others shoot from the same root, which are left outside in the wintry air with ice purposely heaped all around them, have a stunted growth, and some are burnt off with fire and disappear; men, with that inability to recognize their own work which distinguishes the analytical mind, indolently believe that the tree grows of itself in the way they have made it grow, and that it would die if one-half of it were not kept in the vapor bath and the other half in the snow."

Now, man is not an unreasonable creature, nor has he an "unanalytical mind," nor need he be coerced. And when every intelligent woman has looked her own problem squarely in the face—impersonally, impartially—and is ready to state her position, she will find man—first in a listening attitude, then acquiescent, then co-operative.

Then her plea will shape itself into some such form as this: *Let every able-bodied, healthy-minded woman have work or the training which fits for work.*

Even now we hear deep down beneath the surface quibblings of the various disputants, the dominant cry, "Give woman work"! modified, it is true, and often quite obscured, but present ever, striving to express itself in some clear, logical form.

Now, whether this work be in science, in philosophy, in literature, or in art, or whether it be simply manual toil, it should be associated with such intelligence as will make a high order of achievement possible.

Perhaps there are those here who are ready to take issue with the statement that all women should have work to do, and I am prepared to meet their objection. *No amount and no kind of normal education whatever can train a woman away from the performance of those functions with which Nature has most amply endowed her.* The woman who can be unfitted by education for the duties of wife and mother is one who would almost certainly have been unfit for them in any case. And, further, to quote the words of Margaret Fuller: "No woman can give her hand with dignity, or her heart with loyalty, until she has learned to stand alone." Indeed, education in its truest and best sense—all-bracing mental discipline—tends to increase a woman's influence as woman in the home and in the state.

Now, to make our position clear, we repeat that every able-bodied, healthy-minded woman should have work or the training which fits for work. And by "work" we mean not simply the general education which goes to make a woman beautiful, charming or attractive; nor even that broader culture which enables her the more successfully to fulfil her duties as the maker of a home.

By "work" we mean some definite vocation of life which will place above penury and distress such women as are thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood.

Such pursuit as will fill in the gaps left vacant in the life of every normal married woman most certainly at some period of her existence.

Such employment as will prevent that slowly enfeebling inertia which occurs in the lives of most young girls between the so-called "commencement day" and the real commencement of their careers, which takes its source in marriage, and which will incidentally prevent that so frequently fatal plunge into matrimony—the acceptance of the first best offer of marriage as a final solution to all the vexed problems of life.

By "work" we mean, above all, some occupation for that gradually increasing number of women "who will not or who cannot fulfil the highest duties for which Nature has designed them."

"There is nothing", says John Stuart Mill⁴ again, "after disease, indigence and guilt, so fatal to the enjoyment of life as the want of a worthy outlet for the faculties."

Having determined the necessity for every woman to have some definite work to do, the question naturally follows, "What form shall that work take"? and, indeed,

the answer is not easy to give, for so complex are the various conditions, *biologic* and *social* which involve the life of every individual that all of these must be considered before a choice is made.

Now, "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse"; and the general *biological* conditions which affect the sex are her physical organization: her quality of strength, her power of endurance, and such *psychical* peculiarities as keen intuition, quick emotion, rapid perception, delicate sensitiveness.

The general social conditions are the demand for certain kinds of work from women; popular sentiment, which limits her choice of work, and the shifting of her fields of labor by the rapid changes of complex modern life.

Then, there comes the personal equation: What is this particular woman fitted to do? What is her peculiar temperament, her aptitude, her talent, perhaps? Her physical, mental, moral strength? and is her environment such as to foster work?

How many women with a talent for some special vocation are kept in idleness because of traditional prejudice at home? How many have their ambitions thwarted because of the prior claims of family cares? How many are compelled to do duty in other fields than those their talents would suggest because of the crying need for bread?

Let us glance for a moment at some of the careers which women have successfully followed, and in doing so let us head the list with those which have longest found favor—teaching and ministering to the sick as nurse and physician.

TEACHING.

For the profession of teaching, woman's qualifications have so long been assured that this is no longer among the debatable vocations.

In Great Britain, between the years 1869 and 1895, almost fifty per cent. of the entire number of women students embraced the profession of teaching, and in the United States, in 1895, it is stated that "two-thirds of the women graduates teach at least for awhile after leaving college"; and "of the 200,000 and more women-teachers in this country, 735 were professors of advanced branches of learning in women's colleges or in co-educational institutions."

But the great danger for the teaching profession is that it may become overcrowded; and, as in all other fields to which there is easy access, that it may become overcrowded with incompetents. This is especially true in the lower grades of the

public schools, which are taught almost exclusively by women, and where there is further lacking the stimulus afforded by competition with men.

Now, the teacher is a social factor of no small importance. Next to the mother her influence is felt in the moulding of the youthful mind; and, in this day of specialized instruction, it is as often her influence as that of her mother which shapes the career of the future man or woman.

How necessary, then, is thorough preparation! And only those women should take up the work of teaching who possess a keen enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, a ready sympathy, a forceful personality, a sense of obligation to their pupils—and to themselves!—and, above all, a full knowledge of the subject to be taught and the power to impart it.

NURSING.

The profession of nursing belongs to woman by nature and by inheritance. From the earliest times, when the first mother ministered to the wants of the suffering Enoch, to those days in the Crimea, when Florence Nightingale and her troop of gentle nurses eased the pain of the dying soldiers, woman has exercised her natural function as caretaker of the sick; and since that time the trained nurse—"an evolution from out the hidden mysterious past"—has come to stay with us.

It is not only by reason of her natural endowments that woman is qualified to nurse the sick. In these days of increased general activity in the working world, the active faculties of woman are receiving a natural bent, and training schools for nurses have been established in all of the large medical centres. In these schools are to be found women—earnest, energetic, enthusiastic, educated, cultured, refined—bringing with them a high order of intelligence and a devotion to duty which dignifies the mere manual portion of their work and spiritualizes the purely commonplace.

And for this work the greatest variety of accomplishments is also desirable, involving, as it does, the care of the patient in his most apathetic state to the period of convalescence, when every nerve is active and his energies depressed.

Such are the times which try nurses' souls! And that nurse is most apt to succeed who is at the same time the deft and handy worker, the educated woman, the skilful tactician, the sympathetic friend.

The vocation of nursing affords opportunities to women not only in private life, but also among the poor; and the district nurse is an outcome of the latter need. I know of no more elevating work than this—and none more satisfying in its results.

Let us quote here the words of a well-known physician:⁵ "There is no higher mission in this life than nursing God's poor. In so doing a woman may not reach the ideals of her soul; she may fall far short of the ideals of her head, but she will go far to satiate those longings of the heart from which no woman can escape. Romola, the student, helping her blind father and full of the pride of learning, we admire; Romola, the devotee, carrying in her withered heart woman's heaviest disappointment, we pity; Romola, the nurse, doing noble deeds amid the pestilence, rescuing those who were ready to perish, we love."

MEDICINE.

The profession of medicine may be considered the sister vocation to nursing. It calls into play the same humane virtues, the same activity and strength. It would seem strange, then, were women not found in this work!

Yet, in addition to these gentler virtues, there must be found, in the highest degree, the judgment to direct, the power to control, the tact to convince, "a calm force for difficulty", a broad-minded liberality, and, above all, that necessary knowledge and skill which only in these later days are obtainable by women in large numbers.

Medicine has been called "the most difficult of sciences, the most laborious of arts", and only those should embrace it as a life-work who are physically, mentally and morally strong.

True, the earliest physicians of the race were women; they were the first obstetricians in the Bible; they were the first students and compounders of drugs. Later, they are found, sporadically, and in small number, entering the medical lists with men, and attaining an equal eminence and distinction.

The great school of Salerno, that famous mother of all universities—the earliest school of medicine in Christian Europe—was open alike to men and women. And women physicians are found among its most eminent students, professors, writers and practitioners as early as the eleventh century.

But only within the past two decades has the movement gained a positive force; and the woman-doctor is now no longer regarded as an interloper, usurping the place and the rights of man, but as a genuine social factor, for which there is vital need.

See her ministering to the sufferings of little children, to her own sex, to the secluded women of India, to the female pauper and insane. Follow the work of

the nearly 8,000 women-doctors who are practicing their profession in this country, and of the many women abroad, then ask is this her work, and the whole mass of accumulated experience will answer *that it is*.

We find women following the profession of medicine as general practitioners, as specialists, as teachers, as writers, as missionaries, as workers in scientific research; and in each of these fields they have attained considerable success.

I wish that I might go into the history of medicine as it concerns women—both of our own country and of Europe—but it would lead beyond the scope of this paper. There is one little incident, however, of pioneer history which may interest you: The first woman to receive a degree from a medical college in this country—Elizabeth Blackwell—began the preparation for her career in the state of North Carolina. Of her arrival in Asheville in the spring of 1845, and the conquering of all doubts as to the rightfulness of her purpose, she relates a unique experience, and it serves to show, I think, not only the indomitable courage of our early women-doctors, but a finer womanliness and delicacy which enhanced the value and the meaning of their work.

In speaking of her departure from home for Asheville to begin preparation for her unknown career, she says: "I find interesting details of that long drive, when every day took me farther and farther away from all that I loved. We forded more than one rapid river and climbed several chains of the Alleghanies in crossing through Kentucky and Tennessee into North Carolina. The wonderful view from the gap of Clinch Mountain, looking down upon the ocean of mountain ridges spread out endlessly below us, and seen in the fresh light of an early morning, remains to this day a wonderful panorama in memory.

"We at last reached our destination—the school and parsonage of the Rev. John Dickson (formerly a physician), where I was to teach music. The situation of Asheville, entirely surrounded by the Alleghanies, was a beautiful plateau, through which the rapid French Broad River ran. I must here note down an experience occurring at that time, unique in my life, but which is still as real and vivid to me as when it occurred.

"I had been kindly welcomed to my strange new home, but the shadow of parting with the last links to the old life was upon me. The time of parting came. My two brothers were to leave on their return journey early on the following morning. Very sadly at night we had said farewell. I retired to my bedroom and gazed from

the open window long and mournfully at the dim mountain outlines visible in the starlight—mountains which seemed to shut me away hopelessly from all I cared for. Doubt and dread of what might be before me gathered in my mind. I was overwhelmed with sudden terror of what I was undertaking. In the agony of mental despair I cried out, 'O God, help me; support me!' My very being went out in this yearning cry for Divine help. Suddenly, overwhelmingly, an answer came. A glorious presence, as of brilliant light, flooded my soul. There was nothing visible to the physical sense; but a spiritual influence, so joyful, gentle, but powerful, surrounded me that the despair which had overwhelmed me vanished. All doubt as to the future, all hesitation as to the rightfulness of my purpose, left me, and never in after-life returned. I *knew* that, however insignificant my individual effort might be, it was in the right direction, and in accordance with the great Providential ordering of our race's progress."⁶ The success of Elizabeth Blackwell in opening the medical profession to women, and the work of her sister, Emily Blackwell (for many years the dean of the Medical College of New York) are too well known to need discussion here.

Among the less crowded vocations for women are the kindergarten, the library and domestic economy.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

When Frœbel developed his remarkable principles of the psychological value of play, humanity became his debtor, for his system has been of inestimable value, not only to the child, in giving him work for play; nor yet alone to the woman-teacher, in affording a congenial outlet for her energies, but to all mankind in placing education upon an ethical, religious and scientific basis.

It is quoted from the Chief of Police of San Francisco that "if there were kindergartens enough for all children no police would be needed in the next generation."

For the past twenty-five years kindergarten work has made enormous strides. Kindergartens have been established in connection with the public school system in most of the large cities, and the private kindergartens exceed even these in number.

The United States Bureau of Education reports for the year 1873 42 kindergartens, 73 teachers and 1,253 pupils. In 1898 there were 2,884 kindergartens, 5,764 teachers and 143,720 pupils. Most of the teachers in these schools are women,

and as the value of this kind of work is becoming more and more evident to the community, larger and larger numbers of cultivated women will constantly be employed.

LIBRARY WORK.

Another occupation which affords abundant opportunities to the educated woman is library work. The career of the trained librarian is an interesting one. Many women have become librarians; many women have become incompetent librarians; just as many men have. But the trained librarian is a product of very recent times. And her skill in this work is the direct result of much hard study, preliminary training, patience, versatility and toil. It has been said that for the practice of this profession there must be "a quick insight to understand the often vaguely comprehended and vaguely expressed wants of the proper after knowledge; a broad sympathy to respond with equal readiness to the demands of the student and the seeker after mental relaxation; of the child, of the woman or man of business or leisure, and of the literary and scientific specialist. And to all these qualities must be added, as indispensable qualifications, a good memory and habits of neatness, order and method.

The several library schools established in this country are open alike to men and women. The most important of these institutions is the New York State Library School, in Albany, and its standard of admission is so high that only college graduates or those with an equivalent training are qualified to enter.

College women may well compete for honors in this work. And experience has shown that the large majority of students graduated yearly from the library schools are thoroughly qualified women, for whom there is always demand; and, further, that the students who attain the greatest proficiency are women.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Of the various industrial occupations in which woman have had success, one of much practical utility is domestic economy.

When we are told that "half of the money earned in the United States is spent for food," and that "\$600,000,000 are annually wasted in American kitchens," the importance of this branch of science cannot be overestimated.

Progressive institutions of learning are adding domestic economy to their curricula; technical schools have established courses in domestic science and art, and

some of the lectures in this branch at the Columbia University, New York city, are now open to the public.

This work means more than the simple teaching how to cook. It consists in didactic lectures and practical instruction in the laboratories, and it illustrates the application of science to the daily needs and routine of the home. In the year 1900 the bachelor of science degree will be conferred by the Ohio State University on the first class in the United States to complete a four-years' course in domestic economy.

Here is a large opportunity for the educated woman, the graduates of these schools being in great demand as teachers in colleges and as superintendents of the domestic departments of hospitals and other public institutions.

LAW.

The legal profession is one which women have entered; as yet, but in small numbers, although most of the law schools in this country and many of those in Europe are now admitting women students. There is, however, no distinct demand for women in the law; and quite as many, perhaps, take up the study to give them mental balance—the power to supervise their own estates or training in business methods—as to engage in active practice of the law.

It has been claimed that women are too emotional to practice before the courts—and, perhaps, too illogical—although they may be helpful to men in solving problems. Certainly, this is scarcely a striking advance over the old Roman dictum which permitted neither women nor slaves to fill the so-called virile positions; nor over that pronounced by Boutellier in the fourteenth century (1327), which cites as incapacitated for such positions "minors, deaf, blind, ecclesiastics, sergeants and women."

In refutation of these views stands the work of the several hundred women lawyers now plying their vocation; and added to their testimony come the written statements of two of the leading educators of law in this country. The Dean of the Law Department of Michigan University claims that "the women who attended the law school have compared favorably in the matter of scholarship with the men, and that they are quite as capable of acquiring legal knowledge." The Dean of The Union College of Law, of New York, says: "We discover no difference in the capacity of the sexes to comprehend and apply legal principles."

THE PULPIT.

Theology is another field in which women have done some work. Eighteen

denominations allow women to preach; several hundred women are now occupying pulpits; many are working as missionaries. But it is probable that woman's work in this sphere will always remain more or less limited.

PHILANTHROPY.

Philanthropy affords a greater opportunity for women to do much good; not, however, by the mere promiscuous giving of their time and means, but by intelligent, well-directed effort—effort in concert with others—to relieve the various conditions of poverty and distress.

Let me quote here some recent remarks of President Goucher, of the Woman's College of Baltimore: "Every community should have a leisure class, not composed of persons who have nothing to do, but of those who will command time for educational, benevolent and religious offices, working wisely as for the general good, without direct financial return. This class, composed largely of women, should be cultured so as to be efficient through fitness, their thoughts controlling and their feelings humanizing their activities."

One need not go out of the state of North Carolina for an example of what women can do in philanthropic work. There is a portrait somewhere in these very halls of a woman, accounted "the most noble, the most devoted, the most earnest, the most engaging of the world's philanthropists"⁷—Dorothea Lynde Dix.

SCIENCE.

As to work in the abstract sciences, the written pages of history bear a few scattered names of women who have attained a high degree of eminence.

Hypatia, Caroline Herschel, Catherine Scarpellini, Maria Mitchell and others illumine the chapters of astronomy.

In mathematics, Senora Agnesi was assistant professor at Bologna in the eighteenth century. Sophia Germain was awarded a scientific prize in France in the time of Napoleon. Mary Somerville and Sonya Kovalevski are names which stand alone in the realm of mathematics, each invested with a peculiar genius of its own.

In geographical exploration we have the names of Lady Baker, Madame Helfer, Madame Semper, Mademoiselle Alexandrine Tinne and others.

Many women have been known as inventors.

Fraulein Lange is at present lecturing on psychology in the Victoria Lyceum in Germany.

While in medicine we have the celebrated women of Salerno in mediæval times, Dr. Guiseppe Catani, who was called to the University of Pisa as professor of pathology, in the year 1888; and more recently, Mary Putnam Jacobi, whose name and achievements have done much to stimulate the spirit of scientific research.

But the unwritten pages of history give promise of yet greater achievement, for only the past quarter of a century has witnessed the rise and growth of the educational privileges of women. Only the past quarter of a century has fostered in women "those high qualities of fearlessness, and independence, and tenacity of purpose, and single-minded honesty, which, important everywhere, are absolutely essential for progress in science;"⁸ and the same period of time has witnessed the evolution of laboratories. In these laboratories women are working side by side with men, achieving already those faint beginnings which presage the discovery of still larger truths.

Biology, physics, chemistry, psychology, and, indeed, all of the sciences have added their quota to research. The various branches of medicine have contributed important advances: physics has discovered new instruments; chemistry new remedies; pathology new lesions; bacteriology new parasitic causes of disease. And, indeed, this last-named branch of science furnishes one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most surprising, chapters in the history of research." It is this which has made modern antiseptic surgery possible; it is this which has further contributed to the medical treatment of disease.

There is no single disease-producing organism against which vaccination will not produce some degree of immunity, in the lower animals, at least. And each year, for all future time, must add thousands to the human lives thus saved by the laboratory. At the end of the eighteenth century a woman—Lady Mary Wortly Montague—introduced into England the practice of inoculation against smallpox, thereby saving unnumbered lives. May the women investigators of the beginning of the twentieth century prove worthy of this fearless pioneer and blot forever from the sum of human ills much suffering and disease.

To those who are thinking of taking up a scientific career for a livelihood it may be said that the work is neither rapidly productive nor richly remunerative; but it gives a mental discipline and balance—an outlet for the energies and a moral stimulus and satisfaction, to be found, I think, in few other kinds of work.

OTHER CAREERS.

These are but a few of the many vocations now open to women. And so I could go on and on, but my time—and your patience, I fear—are well-nigh exhausted.

Many of the intellectual and industrial occupations have not been touched upon.

The fine arts have not been mentioned, nor indeed has literature. Painting, which has given the world an Angelica Kauffmann and a Rosa Bonheur; sculpture, a Sabina von Steinbach. Architecture is as yet a new field for women. Soulful music has been written by Fanny Mendelssohn, and still more soulfully sung by Jenny Lind, Patti, Calve and Eames. The histrionic art has been brilliantly interpreted by Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse.

In literature we have many distinguished names in both poetry and prose. No poet has sung more sweetly than Elizabeth Barrett Browning; no prose writer has written more eloquently than Madame de Stael; no novelist has composed more brilliantly than George Eliot or George Sand. Journalism has furnished much good work by women—models of excellence in style and thought. But art and literature are charmed domains, to be entered only by the chosen few whom Nature has equipped with special gifts.

Indeed, in this day of enlightenment and justice every honorable employment is open to woman; and her educational advantages are now so great as to enable her to fill them with honor and credit to herself.

When Harriet Martineau came to this country in 1840 she found but seven occupations available to women; now there are over four hundred, and the difficulty is less often what to do than what to leave undone.

So, in answer to the question, "What is woman's work?" it may be said in a general way that a woman must do what she can—and a woman can do what she will. The woman who is compelled to work will do the thing which falls in her way; the woman who works for work's sake will do the thing for which she finds herself best suited. And having once discovered her true vocation she will bend all her energies to meet it. Woman, the versatile, will yield in her hour of apprenticeship to all the restrictions that a single task imposes.

The following words of Hamilton Wright Mabie⁹ may be applied to woman as well as to man: "To the making of genuine careers concentration is quite as essential as energy; to achieve the highest success, the man must not only be willing to

pour out his vitality, without stint or measure, but he must also be willing to give himself, for concentration is, at bottom, entire surrender of one's life to some definite end. In order to focus all one's powers at a single point, there must be abandonment of a wide field of interest and pleasure. One would like to do many things and take unto himself many kinds of knowledge, many forms of influence; but if one is to master an art, a craft, or a profession, one must be willing to leave many paths untrod, to build many walls and to lock many doors. When the boy has learned his lessons he may roam the fields and float on the river at his own sweet will; but so long as he is at the desk he must be deaf to the invitation of sky and woods. When the man has mastered his work he may safely roam the world; but while he is an apprentice let him be deaf and blind to all things that interrupt or divert or dissipate the energies."

To the over-ambitious let it be said, read Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers."¹⁰ Women, after all, are apt to do things too intensely. In their over-conscientious devotion to duty they neglect the woman in perfecting the worker. Forgetting that recreation is as essential to proficiency as is concentration, "They scorn delights and live laborious days," and thus give the world the so-called "pedagogical type."

"The perfect life," says Hammerton, "is like that of a ship of war which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea. We ought to belong to society, to have our own place in it, and yet to be capable of a complete individual existence outside of it."

It might be asked, if all the clever women were to follow careers, what would be the biological effect upon the race.

This paper is not intended as a crusade against that work—that avocation, if you will—which the large majority of women in all times, and in all places, have chosen to follow, and will continue to follow. And for this work the highest kind of culture is required, for it is a culture to be devoted to the making of the future manhood and the future womanhood.

Such culture is afforded in these progressive days to all women in all civilized countries. In Europe and in America the doors of most of the great universities are now open to women, and special colleges have been established for their needs. But, particularly in this country are their educational advantages great; and greatest in the states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, in some of

the Western states, and more recently—through the determined efforts of your honored President, Dr. McIver—in the state of North Carolina.

Such women as marry will certainly find in the work of the home their highest happiness, and the trained vocation will then become for them a pleasant side-pursuit; for there are few years in the life of even the average married woman completely filled by household cares alone; and, after she has passed the age of forty or fifty, there are often many hours of painful solitude. Then, also, if circumstances compel her to become the wage-earner of the family, she can do with a proper dignity.

And the sphere of influence is not to be despised. Most women cannot create; but all women can inspire, and the creations due to this inspiration are some of the greatest creations the world has yet produced.

And now, in bringing these crowded remarks to a close, we may say to the ambitious woman who would be all things in one; to the humble in mind, as well, who knows her limitations—if she select her work wisely, and if she do the thing she has the faculty for, and if she strive for the highest ideals in that work, she will the more nearly approach that ideal state of being—the highest womanhood.

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!"

1. Buckler, G. G.: "The Lesser Man." *North American Review*, Vol. CLXV., 1897, pp. 295-300.
2. Franklin, Fabian: "The Intellectual Powers of Woman." *The North American Review*, Vol. CLXVI. 1898, pp. 40-53.
3. Mill, John Stuart: "The Subjection of Women." Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1885, pp. 233 and p. 244.
4. Mill, J. S.: *Ibid.*, p. 288.
5. Osler, William, M.D.: "Nurse and Patient." Address. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1897.
6. Blackwell, Elizabeth, M.D.: "Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession to Women." London and New York. Longmans, Green & Co., 1895.
7. Carr, Col. Julian S.: "The Philanthropy of Dorothea Lynde Dix." Address. *State Normal Magazine*, Vol. I., 1897, pp. 91-101.
8. Brooks, William K.: "Scientific Laboratories." *Bulletin. Johns Hopkins Hospital*. Vol. X., 1899, p. 99.
9. Mabie, Hamilton Wright: "Work and Culture."
10. Stevenson, Robert Louis: "Virginius Puerisque."

EDITORIALS.

Our Commencement Number.

Our last issue of THE MAGAZINE will appear in June and will be peculiarly a Commencement number. A special board of editors from the Senior Class has been elected and the work for this number will be done by the class of 1900.

It will contain a full account of the Commencement exercises, the Commencement address and sermon, the Class history, prophecy and songs.

"In Lighter Vein" will be a prominent feature of this number.

The pictures of the Class of 1900, their basket ball team, the marshals and editors will grace its pages.

This edition will, of course, be sent to all of our present subscribers without any additional charge. Anyone wishing extra copies of this number will please report the same to Miss Emma Bernard. Single copies will be twenty-five cents.

Invitation to Former Students.

The loyalty of our Alumnae and former students is a particularly gratifying fact, and at each preceding Commencement we have been delighted to welcome many of these again to the Normal. This year we are especially well fitted to entertain them, and look forward to an unusually large number.

We have always had the "will," this year we have the "way" also. Owing to the suspension our dormitories are not so crowded as heretofore, and the "old girls," whom the Normal holds so dear, can be comfortably "housed." 'Tis true when we get our Students' Building we expect to provide a place for you peculiarly your own.

We expect to lay the cornerstone of the Students' Building during the coming Commencement, and in many respects the exercises will be the most interesting ever held.

Moreover, the Commencement date is later this year than usual, and we hope to see many of our girls back who could not have come earlier on account of conflicting work.

Our college has successfully braved a great crisis; so let every former student, who possibly can, be with us that we may make this, our "End of the Century Commencement," the most successful one in the history of the Normal.

**Spending the
Summer.**

Already we hear our school friends speaking of "spending the summer." When we first think of the summer we feel as if we would be happy merely to drift along during the summer months without the slightest exertion. Then we think of going somewhere to have a "good time." Now, it is not the purpose of this article to cry out against those things which make the summer so delightful a season, but to give some reasons for thinking the entire summer should not be merely "whiled away."

While we are in school we are busy with a regular routine of duties, which are necessarily more or less mechanical, so we have little or no time to follow any favorite line of thought or employment. The summer, when we are "free from the genius tutelary" of school, is peculiarly our own season, during which we can follow our natural bent. Our vacation of four months makes up one-third of our year. No one who is working towards a goal can afford to have one-third of her time lost.

Since our power comes to us not from "knowledge learned of schools," but from that which is our own, let us follow our genius when we can, fearless to "accept our genius and say what we think."

In conclusion, let us repeat, that to "laugh and jest and dance and sing" is at all times an inalienable right of every American girl; but let us not let the coming summer be entirely spent in this way, since it is one-third of our year and the only one we can call our own.

AMONG OURSELVES.

LOCAL EDITOR. LILLIE KEATHLEY, '00.

The quarantine, which was enforced on account of the smallpox in Greensboro, was raised Saturday, March 17, as there no longer appeared to be the slightest risk. As a testimony of their appreciation of the fact large numbers of the students went down town on that day.

We were pleased to have with us at chapel exercises on the morning of March 19 Hon. B. R. Lacy, Commissioner of Labor. Mr. Lacy gave us a brief but delightfully interesting talk, touching on some of the great questions which are agitating the whole state at this time, particularly the question of child labor and the relation the "amendment" bears to education. Mr. Lacy is now the Democratic nominee for State Treasurer.

During the last days of March the semi-annual election of class officers took place. The following officers were elected:

SENIOR CLASS.

President—Mittie Lewis.
Vice-President—Bessie Hawkins.
Secretary—Gertrude Jenkins.
Treasurer—Lizzie Howell.
Poet—Sue Nash.
Historian—Leila Tuttle.
Prophet—Lillie Keathley.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President—Ida Wharton.
Vice-President—Alma Pittman.
Secretary—Frances Cole.
Treasurer—Eunice Kirkpatrick.
Critic—Sallie Allen.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President—Mary Cator
Vice-President—Elise Sheppard.
Secretary—Daphne Carraway.
Treasurer—Virginia Newby.
Monitor—Ethelind Pittman.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President—Marie Jones.
Vice-President—Ellen Lynch Garrett.
Secretary and Monitor—Maude Ferguson.
Treasurer—Pearl H. Long.

Owing to the increased length of the days, the supper hour on Fridays and Saturdays has been made 6:30 p. m. instead of 6:00 p. m. Later on arrangements will be made to serve supper at this hour every evening.

Basket ball is now in full swing. The "Athletic" class—the Seniors—have kept up to their reputation and by dint of very hard work have at last obtained fairly good grounds for practice. The position of this court is especially fine and the grounds when once completed will be a credit to the college. All of the classes are beginning to display a praiseworthy enthusiasm for athletics and will no doubt have well organized teams in a short time.

On April 1 Miss Laura Sanford left here to attend the marriage of her brother, Mr. T. F. Sanford, in Kenansville, N. C. She also spent a few days at Warsaw with Miss Margaret Pierce, of the class of '99.

The delightful weather which accompanied Easter was very conducive to the enjoyment of the time. Several parties of the students went out for drives on the afternoon of April 14. Among the most enjoyable of these was a drive out to Guilford Battle Ground, which was participated in by a number of the faculty and students. They also visited Guilford College and on their return drove through Greensboro. Speaking of the Guilford Battle Ground, it is a surprising fact that over one half of the students at this college have never visited this historic old place. It is indeed a great mistake for any student to leave this place without at least making some effort to see so interesting a spot.

Easter Monday was a holiday for the public schools of Greensboro, and so the practice school children and the practice school teachers enjoyed a holiday on that day.

Among the girls who spent Easter away from the college were Misses Laura Sanford, Ida Wharton, Katherine Rollins, Bessie Boyd, Bessie Galloway, Nettie Parker, Marian Revelle, Mary Ramsay, Maud Cobb, Lucy Hall, and Jessie Williams.

There were quite a number of visitors here to spend Easter. Misses Tempie Parker, Annie Lindsay and Mrs. Bynum were visiting relatives or friends.

Miss Margherite Crow is visiting her aunt, Miss Sue May Kirkland.

Miss Mary Williams, one of our former students, is spending a few days at the Normal as the guest of her sister, Miss Jessie Williams.

ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE SOCIETIES.

On Friday evening, March 30, the school and a large number of our town friends were entertained in the Assembly Hall by the fourth of the course lectures for this season. The entertainment was gotten up by the two literary Societies and entitled "A Dream of Fair Women and Brave Men."

The dream was very varied in its confines, and as it will be impossible to do justice to all the characters, we will merely dwell lightly on a few. We were first introduced to our venerable old friend, "Father Time," which character was well represented by Miss Frances Womble. Arrayed in the kilt of the royal James Fitz James, we recognized our much loved Professor of Pedagogics, P. P. Claxton. One of the scenes most enjoyed was that of "Ruth and Naomi," who were well represented by Mrs. Sharpe and Miss Jamison. In this scene Miss Gertrude Nelson made a pretty picture as "Orpah."

It would be difficult to find one who could have filled the place of "Bassanio" better than Professor Brown.

The other characters were well rendered and the entertainment, as a whole, was much appreciated. One feature which lent much to the enjoyment of the evening was the clear and forcible reading by Miss Eleanor Watson.

After the play the young ladies enjoyed a reception, and the moments passed quickly until the ringing of the bell brought their wandering thoughts back to school life and the Normal!

MARY I. WARD, '03.

SOPHOMORE RECEPTION TO FRESHMEN.

"The Class of 1903" was very delightfully entertained on Friday evening, April 20, by "the Class of 1902."

At 8 o'clock we assembled in the Chapel and after the welcome address by Miss Cator, the president of our sister class, we greatly enjoyed the farce, "A Gentle Jury." The very unique programs—tied with the "red and white" ribbon—which had been given us on entering, contained the following cast of characters:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Cyrus Hackett, Sheriff. | M. Maxwell |
| Mrs. Dingley, Forewoman. | L. Kirby |

MEMBERS OF THE JURY:

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Mrs. Blake. | Cora Asbury |
| Mrs. Fritz. | Julia Glenn |
| Mrs. Dyer. | Virginia Newby |
| Mrs. Small. | Carrie Sparger |
| Mrs. Jones. | Vennie Templeton |
| Mrs. Fort. | Catherine Pace |
| Miss Skinner. | Mary Scott Munroe |
| Miss Sharp. | Annie Harrison |
| Miss Jellyson. | Annette Morton |
| Miss Smith. | Ione Dunn |

Around the forewoman were seated the other jurywomen, and indeed the "court room" greatly resembled the old-time "sewing bee." Mrs. Jones, with her knitting, was exceedingly good and afforded the audience much pleasure by her remarks, but we can't say too much about the sheriff—he was quite typical. After the farce we were charmingly received in Miss Fort's and Mr. Joyner's rooms.

In both rooms the "red and white" decorations were in profusion. Miss Fort's room was made very attractive and home-like with the many cushions, couches and easy chairs.

After a pleasant chat in the reception room, we were ushered into Mr. Joyner's room, where we enjoyed the most elegant refreshments—cake and cream—from Dughi's. The refreshments, as well as the decorations, carried out the '03 colors. In the centre of the room, was a large table adorned with candles and the (to us) very attractive "red and white" ribbons coming from the corners of the table and forming a pyramid—were made even more beautiful by the soft light of the candles. In different parts of the room were the smaller tables—each bearing a vase of carnations and wax candles under red shades.

Going again into the reception room we had a most delightful surprise. Mrs. Sharpe gave us the extreme pleasure of hearing her recite "We enjoyed especially the gentle reminder—"You'd better mind your teachers." And so ended this one of the most delightful events of the season with sighs from the envious multitude who were "not in it" and longings from the Seniors, who really "fessed up,"

"O, to be a Freshman,
Just for to-night."

WIL WARDNER STEELE, '03.

JUNIOR RECEPTION TO SOPHOMORES.

Great was the curiosity manifested by the members of 1902, when, at a meeting a few weeks ago, an interesting looking letter addressed to the Sophomore class was produced. Our consuming curiosity was soon allayed by the reading of the same, which proved to be an invitation to us from the Juniors for the following Friday night. We were all on the *qui vive*, for the reputation of the class led us to expect something great, and when the longed-for Friday evening came, we were in nowise disappointed.

The President, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed us, and announced that the entertainment for the evening would consist in the presentation of a little comedy entitled: "Wooing Under Difficulties."

The many troubles attendant upon such an undertaking were ably portrayed by some of the Juniors, in the following cast of characters:

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Mr. Hill, a gentleman of leisure | B. Sugg |
| Frederick St. Pauls, Mr. Hill's future son-in-law | F. Coler |
| Mr. Worthyman, a mutual friend | M. Hines |
| Mrs. Hill, wife of Mr. Hill | I. Wharton |
| Matilda Hill, their daughter | E. Kirkpatrick |
| Henry, the new butler | A. Beaman |
| Kitty, the maid | K. Rollins |

In some mysterious manner Mr. St. Pauls and Henry, the servant, both of whom were strangers to the entire Hill family, became sadly mixed, thereby causing Miss Matilda to become the *fiancée* of the servant, while to Mr. St. Pauls was assigned the menial part of butler to the Hills. Affairs were becoming serious, when, by the fortunate arrival of Mr. Worthyman, matters were adjusted and all ended happily. To the Sophomores time passed swiftly and the play ended all too quickly; but soon realizing that pleasure cannot last forever, we departed, thanking the Juniors for one of the most pleasant evenings we, as a class, have ever passed.

FLORENCE MAYERBERG, 1902.

ROGERS-GRILLEY RECITAL.

One of the best of high-class entertainments ever given at this College was the Rogers-Grilley recital, given on Friday evening, April 6. Both of the gentlemen were exceptionally fine in their respective departments. Mr. Rogers is a harpist of some note and Mr. Grilley is well known throughout the United States as an elocutionist and impersonator of high merit. Their splendid rendition of a fine program was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience and their return to Greensboro at any time will be looked forward to with the greatest pleasure by those who were so fortunate as to be present that evening.

We had with us, on the evening of Friday, April 27th, one of North Carolina's most gifted daughters, Miss Dora Jones, formerly of Greensboro. Miss Jones, who for some years was Lady Principal of Greensboro Female College, is an elocutionist and lecturer of unusual ability, and it is but rarely that we have an opportunity of hearing a lecture of a higher order than that which she delivered on that evening. Her subject, "Art in Life," interesting in itself, was made even more entertaining by the fine stereoptican views of some of the masterpieces of art which accompanied it.

In another department of this issue we give the masterly lecture on "Careers for Women" which was delivered to us on Saturday evening, May 5, by Dr. Clari-bel Cone, President and Professor of Pathology of the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore. In printing the lecture, with her kind permission, we can only hope to express a slight portion of our appreciation of her fine delivery of a lecture which appealed to the heart and the ambition of each of her hearers. Nor can we neglect to mention her generous gift to the Students' Building Fund of the entire proceeds of the night's entertainment.

On Friday morning, May 4, we were glad to welcome back Dr. McIver after an absence of a week's duration. He delighted us with a brief and interesting account of his stay at Hampton Institute, Va., where he participated in an important educational conference, which was attended by many of the most influential men of the United States. It will be remembered that there was quite a lengthy article on Hampton Institute in the April number of the *American Review of Reviews*, and having read this, it was therefore with increased interest that we heard of it from one fresh from such interesting scenes. Hampton is an institute for Negroes and Indians. It is the Alma Mater of Booker T. Washington. Its president and most of its officers and teachers are white people, some of them Southern people. It has an annual income from the Federal government, the State of Virginia and Northern philanthropists of about \$150,000. Its enrollment of students is nearly 600. As a result of President McIver's visit to this conference, the State Normal and Industrial College has received a gift of one thousand dollars from a New York gentleman of wealth, who became interested in the work of the College. Besides this, there were others at the conference who indicated a purpose to aid this College.

Congressman David A. De Armond, Representative from Missouri, will deliver the Commencement address at this College.

The present Freshman class is a well-organized, enthusiastic body of girls. Before we had realized that the class organization was formed we were surprised by the appearance on all sides of us of their handsome class hats. The hats are red, with the letters '03 embroidered in white on the front, and the class has every reason to be proud of them.

A party of students had a delightful ride out to Guilford College Friday night, May 4. A delegation from the Societies went out to attend the laughable farce, "A District School", which was given for the benefit of the Athletic associations of that College. Needless to say the outing was thoroughly enjoyed.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On the evening of April 1, Dr. Hume, of the U. N. C., delivered a very scholarly address to the Association on the relation of the Bible to Literature.

The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. being in session in Greensboro, our Association planned to give the delegates a reception, but much to our disappointment they were unable to accept our invitation on account of the great amount of

business to be attended to by the convention. One of the most delightful and impressive services we have had this year was the sunrise service on Sunday, the 8th, conducted by Mr. Knebel, Traveling Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

Our Association has had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Crosby, Traveling Secretary of Carolina division of Y. W. C. A. She was with us from the 20th to 22d of April. We are always glad to have her, for she is such an enthusiastic worker and gives such valuable suggestions in regard to our work.

M. MCFADYEN.

ALUMNÆ AND OTHERS.

Miss Alethea Collins, '95, has a position in Westminster School, Dobb's Ferry, New York. She makes her home in Newark, N. J.

Miss Barnette Miller, '96, spent a day visiting her friends at the College recently. She is living with her cousin in Columbia, and has enjoyed the social life of that city very much. She is looking forward to a year's study in the North and then to a trip abroad in the near future.

Miss Sallie Davis, '96, is now at her home in Greensboro—the graded schools at High Point having closed May 1.

Miss Mattie Livermore, '97, is teaching German in the Female Seminary of Culpeper, Va.

Miss Mary DeVane, '97, is teaching at Spray, N. C. She spent her Easter holiday with Miss Fannie Hill, '97, in Concord, and walked into Chapel very unexpectedly Easter Monday. We were singing "No. 88 in the Blue Book," and she needed not the aid of a printed page in order to join with us.

Miss Myrther Wilson, '99, who has been teaching in Harrisburg, has returned to her home in Goldsboro.

Misses Cary Ogburn and Flora Patterson, of '99, spent Easter with friends at College.

Miss Mary Collins, '99, has completed her work for the year in the High Point Graded School and will spend May and June in the Practice School at the College.

Miss Blanche Ferguson has entered Lackawanna Hospital in Scranton, Pa., for the purpose of becoming a trained nurse. THE MAGAZINE wishes her great success in her undertaking.

Miss Laura Falls is one of the grade teachers in the city schools of Statesville.

Miss Fannie Jones, who was with us last fall, is now studying at the Greensboro Female College.

Miss Irma McKimmon is conducting a private school in Concord.

Miss Carrie Luther is taking a business course in the Concord Institute.

Misses Carrie and Mabel Haynes were suddenly called to their home in Morganton a short time ago by the death of their father, which occurred April 5. The entire College extends its sympathy. Miss Carrie will not return to College until next year.

Miss Jennie Roberson is at home in Cumberland county.

Miss Nellie DeVane is at her home in Wake Forest, N. C.

Miss Florence Stone, who was in charge of the French department at the College in 1894, is still abroad. She is spending the winter in Greece. She and her mother are now keeping house in Athens, where she finds life very pleasant.

Miss Mattie Grimes is studying at the Baptist University.

Miss Daisy Britt is at her home in Lewiston.

Miss Emily Higgs has a position as clerk with the firm of Higgs & Taft, Greenville, N. C.

Miss Susie Brickell has a position in a school in Weldon, N. C.

Miss Mabel Kase enjoys the distinction of being the only woman among the census enumerators of Greensboro.

Miss Lula Sessoms is spending the winter at her home in Steadman, N. C.

Miss Hattie McArthur, a former member of 1901, is teaching a public school in Cumberland county. 1902 hopes she will join them next year.

Miss Lillian DeVane is not teaching this year, but is having a year of rest at her home in Wake Forest, N. C.

Miss Kate Braddy is teaching at Judson, Cumberland county, N. C.

Miss Sallie Palmer has charge of a private school in Hookerton, Greene county, N. C.

Miss Leah Oettinger is spending the winter at her home in Kinston, enjoying the pleasures of society life.

Miss Helen Tyler is teaching at Rocksville, N. C.

Mrs. E. W. Myers (*nee* Douglas) was recently in Greensboro on a visit to her mother.

Miss Agnes Moore, we are glad to learn, has regained her health, and is now teaching in Pitt county.

Miss Mary O. Bryan is now Mrs. Mary Pyatte and is living in Pearsall, N. C. She is much interested in church work—especially missions.

Miss Allie McFadyen graduated at the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses in Pittsfield, Mass., last fall. She has been doing private nursing during the winter, but is now enjoying a vacation at her home in Clarkton, N. C. She will return to Massachusetts in June, to resume her work as a nurse.

MARRIAGES.

DILL—WILLIAMS.—Miss Elizabeth Temple Williams and Mr. Samuel Leffers Dill, Jr., were married in Centenary Methodist Church, New Bern, April 19. It was quite a brilliant social event. Two of the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Hinshaw of Winston, and Julia Howell of Goldsboro, were former pupils here.

FULFORD—BLOW.—Miss Maud Blow was married at her home in Greenville, N. C., April 25, to Mr. Nat C. Fulford of Washington, N. C. Quite a number of ante-nuptial social affairs were given in honor of the bride. Mrs. Fulford, after leaving the Normal, graduated at the Peabody Normal School in Nashville, Tenn., and for the past year has been teaching in the Graded School at Washington, N. C.

HARRIS—MONTGOMERY.—On December 21, 1899, in Reidsville, N. C., Miss Janie Montgomery was married to Mr. William Coleman Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are living in Reidsville. Mrs. Harris came over for the Sophomore reception and spent Sunday, much to the delight of her friends.

MARTIN—PENNINGTON.—Miss Lena Pennington was married to Mr. J. Frank Martin April 19, 1900. The marriage, which was a beautiful and brilliant one, was solemnized in Calvary Episcopal Church, Tarboro, N. C. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was given at the residence of the bride, after which Mr. and Mrs. Martin left for an extended Northern tour.

MURPHY—MALLORY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Capt. J. D. Malloy, near Lumber Bridge, on February 28, 1900, Miss Mamie Mallory was married to Mr. W. H. Murphy. The wedding was a very quiet one, but very beautiful. Mr. Mallory is in business at Rennert, where the young couple will reside in the future.

KING—WESCOTT.—On April 25, in Knoxville, Tenn., Miss Margaret Wescott and Mr. Charles King were married. Mr. King is a Northern man.

HOWARD—BRAWLEY.—Miss Jessie Brawley and Mr. H. N. Howard were married in Mooresville, N. C., October 8, 1899. Mr. Howard is a prosperous merchant of that city.

LITERARY NOTES.

We are looking forward with much pleasure to the arrival of the "new books." This addition to our library will include most of the late books, and quite a number of new copies of the standard works.

In the present revival of historical novels none have taken a higher stand than "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold" by Mary Johnston. The author's home is in Birmingham, Ala. Miss Johnston's success is one that should be peculiarly gratifying to Southern women. She objects to being interviewed and holds that the public is concerned with her work rather than her home life. However, it is but natural that admiring readers should be interested in the personality of the author.

"In Connection With the DeWilloughby Claim," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnete's latest novel gives us a view of the world quite different to that she gave us in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and other of her latest stories.

"Red Pottage" continues to increase the interest which it aroused as soon as it was published. The authoress, Miss Cholmondely, is an English woman and her novel has for some time headed the list of the best selling books in London.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Autobiography of a Quack," which has been running serially in the *Century* is now out in book form. "Dr. North and His Friends," is the title of the new serial, by the same author, now appearing in the *Century*.

"Via Crucis," by F. Marion Crawford, does not come up to the standard of any of the Saricenesca tales, but it has been in great demand.

"Black Wolf's Breed" is now selling in its fifteenth thousand. It is by a new Southern author, Harris Dickson, a young lawyer of Vicksburg, Miss. Mr. Dickson is quite a young man, being only thirty-one years old. It is said that when he came to tell of the road to Versailles, he found the descriptions given in books inadequate, so he set sail for France and walked over the road, getting the description first hand.

James Lane Allen has written a new story, "The Reign of Law," which is to be published by MacMillan & Co. It is a story of the Kentucky hemp fields.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

DREAM VOICES.

As the pearly shell that's by ocean tossed
Upon the pebbled beach,
Still murmurs in its curved recess
The songs the wild waves teach;
So in my heart and soul of souls
Murmur echoed whispers sweet, '
Were they by angel voices breathed
In my child-soul, still but deep?

Like a balmy breeze do these echoes come
Gently sighing to me,
They whisper low a message strange
Breathed from the blue cloud-sea;
It kisses my heart—the message—
In response to that low cry,
My purer thoughts, impulses deep,
Though fettered, strive to fly.

From the dim-lined past I can hardly reach,
With far-seeing eyes of mind,
Come these faint refrains, echoes soft
Of sounds, once heard, sublime?
Are these tones so low, so tender,
Voices from pure azure skies,
Where in the long ago I dwelt,
Where my highest nature lies?

Whence, if not, comes this wild, weary longing
For things that must have been?
Whence this strange, sad, wistful longing
For unseen things, once seen?
Is 't true that what was shall aye be
That my soul in future time
Shall return to its home and mingle
With soul-voices divine?

—Aurora.

SENIOR PRIVILEGES.

You must be in your room when the light bells ring,
You can't talk loud and you must not sing.

You can't put your arm around your very best friend
When from building to building your way you calmly wend.

You must turn all the corners just as sharp as you can,
You must look to the right, if to the left there's a man.

You must not forget to put on your hat,
If you do you'll be reminded in Chapel of that.

At the table you must not laugh a bit
Even when the "brilliant member" displays her sparkling wit.

You mustn't even laugh much and you can't even cry;
So what they call Senior privileges are a fraud, say I!

You must be just as prissy as you can be
Because—oh well!—the Freshmen will see.—S. N. '00.

TO ———

Her voice is one of command,
Her power is in full swing,
Her jewels, though scarce, are pure,
She has but a simple ring.
The fellows all jump at her call,
To obey her they hasten pell-mell;
But I dread the sound of her voice,
For she is the *college bell*!—Ex.

THE PRACTICE SCHOOL.

Oh, the Practice School is a very good thing,
And a very good thing for us,
But our voices ring and our hearts will sing
When we say farewell to the "fuss."

'Tis true there are times when the children are still,
And as quiet as little mice,
But we are often ill, from the bitter pill
That must come when they aren't nice.—S. N. '00.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

TO A NORMAL COLLEGE GIRL.

I do not wish to seem severe,
Nor would I be at all informal,
But I would like to say right here
Of college maids I hold most dear
The one that's always normal.

So many of them are extreme,
The wide-awake as well as dormal,
They make me feel that life's a dream
Of Greek and Latin, which I deem
So very far from normal.

But you, despite the things you know
Of Horace, Euclid, and Plato,
Of Adam Smith and Homer, and
The balance of that awful band
That used to give me trouble when
I mixed in with those college men—
You still have kept that guileless way
That went with them of other day,
When women who would keep in touch
With life did not learn quite so much,
And so were not too full of fads
To share the fortunes of our dads.
Wherefore, I say, I judge that you
Are of the old kind, tried and true.

We've never met,
But yet, but yet
My beating heart is all awirl
To think life holds
Within its folds
A truly Normal College girl—
E'en through, alas! she's not for me
At twenty when I'm ninety-three.

John Kendrick Bangs in *Harper's Bazar*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A PRETTY FOOT

Is always the subject of favorable comment, and yet it's really the shoe that does the business. The shoe that fits neatly, looks well and has wearing quality, is the kind we sell. We will be glad to make special prices on SHOES to all students of The Normal College. Investigate our

BARGAIN DAYS.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

221 SOUTH ELM ST.

Photographs for All Special Club Prices to Schools.

My regular price of Cabinet Photographs is \$4.00 per dozen. To show my appreciation of the school trade I have decided to make the following Club Prices to schools of Greensboro and vicinity:

In clubs of 20, a dozen each, \$2.75 per dozen;

In clubs of 30, a dozen each, \$2.50 per dozen.

In every case the money must be collected and paid over before the first sitting is made.

The person who secures the club and collects the money will be entitled to one dozen Cabinets without charge.

Views of the Normal and Industrial College.

S. L. ALDERMAN, Photographer,

East Market St., near Post Office.

THE BEST EYES

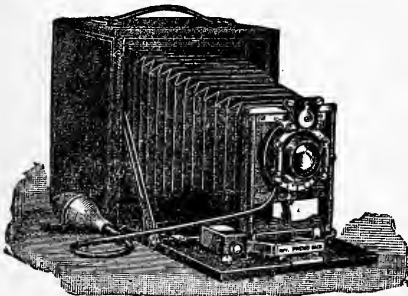
Are those given the best care throughout all periods of one's life. "I used to have the best eyes," is a common expression. Neglect and abuse of these **all-important organs** is cause of impaired vision. Teachers and Students should take the utmost care of their eyes. Let us help keep yours good. If you haven't good ones, we can assist in making them good. "Right Glasses at Right Prices" is what we give.

Call and see us.

Office with Moore Optical Company,
112 E. Market St., Greensboro, N. C.

DRS. R. L. & E. H. MOORE.

\$35 for Chicago Typewriter. It equals the high-priced kind. Best Ribbons for all machines at 70c. **\$5.00** for the machine that sings, plays and talks. Big line of Records. Opera and Field Glasses, Compasses, Telescopes and anything optical.



Hawkeye, Premo, and Cyclone Cameras.

\$3.50 or \$5.00 for one that makes twelve pictures at one loading.

All Kinds of Supplies at Factory Prices.